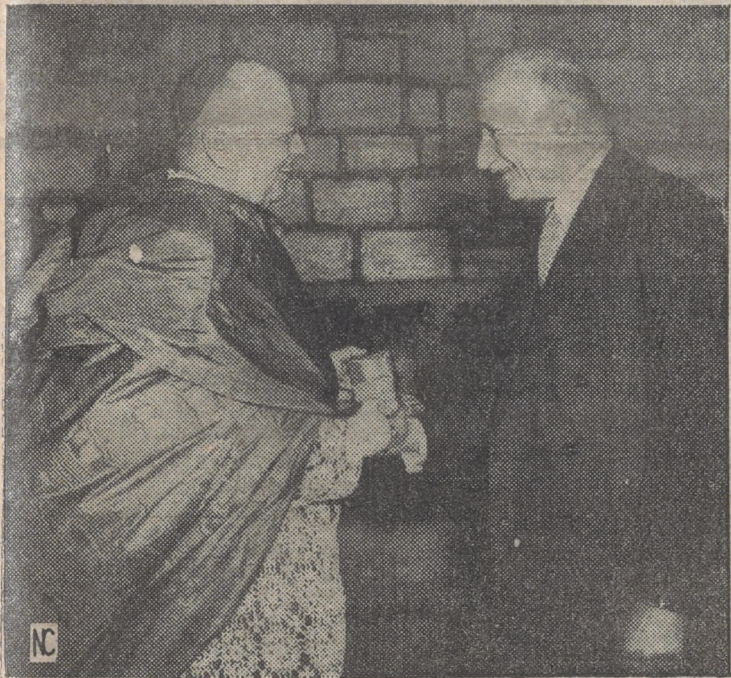




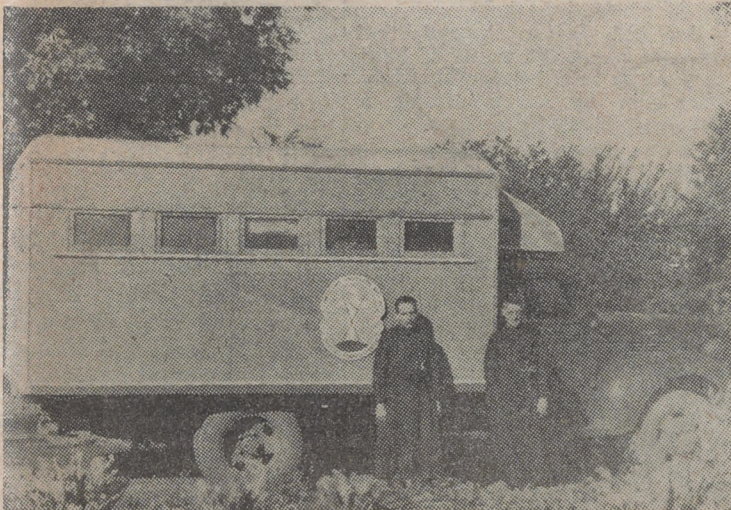
Preparing for their pledge of the daily beads to be recited in family groups, Indians of Western Canada have taken part in the rallies and heard the Crusade leader Father Patrick Peyton (above) tell his story of our debt to God and Mary. Coming in from distant reserves and from the boarding schools, the Indians have added color and their own piety to great gatherings. Pledge week opens on October 9 and is to be continued in the reserves as long as necessary. (Gauthier Photo)

## FROM MARTYRS' COUNTRY



Reminding Canada that the first missionaries to the Indians in this country came from sunny France, Robert Schumann, Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, headed the first national pilgrimage from that country to the shrine of the Jesuit Martyrs at Midlands, Ont., Sept. 17. He is greeted there by Canada's own Cardinal, His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan. On October 23, Mission Sunday, all Catholics are reminded of their duty to help spread the faith.

## USE MODERN METHODS



In order to bring the benefits of religion and of good recreation to the Indian tribes of Western Ontario who are often "on the trail", Fathers A. Lacelle and Fr. Chaput have rigged up a "Mission on Wheels" (Anamie Otaban) consisting of a two-ton Dodge truck which serves as living quarters, chapel, school room and movie theatre. They will visit twenty-five bands several times a year.



# THE INDIAN RECORD

ST. BONIFACE, MAN.

PRICE 10 CENTS

## THUNDERBIRD TELLS CAREER; BACKS FAMILY ROSARY DRIVE

When I called on Chief Thunderbird, at his home, on the Tsartlip Indian Reserve, Saanichton, B.C., he was just coming back from work. Stripped to the waist, he cut a powerful figure and showed in his powerful muscles why he is still a colorful wrestler.

Of a genial nature, the Chief is always pleased to answer, in a very informal way, any question regarding his career.

Chief Thunderbird was born on the reserve on which he lives. His father, Tommy Paul is one of the leaders among the Indians of the old school. He attended Kuper Island School, B.C., and the Cushman School, in Washington, U.S.A. Obligated to leave school when he reached grade nine, he was the first Indian to make eight letters in that school.

Here are some of the questions he answered.

**Chief, when did you start wrestling?**

I started my professional career in 1933.

**But where did you get the idea to take up wrestling as a livelihood?**

In Cushman we had a very good coach. But at the end I got so good myself that he was a bit afraid of me. I first took up boxing from 1927 to 1933, and had 32 matches, winning 27, having a few draws and . . . never mind the others.

**And you have been wrestling since 1933?**

Yes, and I am still at it. I am leaving, in a few days, for Seattle and other places in Washington.

During that time, he took part in matches throughout Western Canada, in the United States, from Washington to New York and from Maine to California. He made a tour of the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines.

It was in the Philippines, in 1940, that I received my greatest public ovation. The people of those islands call the giant American clippers, "The Thunderbirds". When they heard that the Chief of the Thunderbirds was coming, they went all-out for a civic reception. I was so tired that night, from parties and receptions, that I almost lost the match.

**Chief, how did you come to be known, as Thunderbird?**

The Thunderbird was a legendary figure which my ancestors considered as their protecting spirit. When an Indian Chief, in the State of Washington, seeing my success in the wrestling world, invested me with a war bonnet, I felt I would be honoring my forefathers by taking the name of Chief Thunderbird.

**Which is the match you remember best?**

In 1935, I met Strangler Lewis. This is the souvenir I have of that match. (He pointed to his left ear. It seemed to have gone through a grinding machine and then to have been plastered back one the side of the head by a very poor artist.) I stayed 15 minutes with him in the ring and got the biggest hand of my career.

**As you know, Chief, this will appear in the Time, a paper published to promote Family Prayer. What has been your impression of our religion, as you visited half of the world?**

When I first left the Island, I was under the impression that the Catholic Church was to be found only in small buildings and with small congregations. But when I reached the big cities and saw the beautiful churches and the thousands of people who attended, I realised that I was born in the right religion.

**Do you have any facts to illustrate what you just stated?**

Maybe. (And with a twinkle

which comes to him naturally when he enjoys himself). In 1935 I was in New York for Christmas. One of the promoters, a Catholic, invited me to attend Midnight Mass with him, telling me that he would have reserved seats. I found it funny to hear of reserved seats for Mass. But when I got to the church and saw a line of people two blocks long, I understood that a reserved seat was a good thing to have. On Easter Sunday of the same year, I attended a Pontifical Mass, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. I can not tell you my impressions. But whenever anyone attacks my religion, that Mass comes back to me, and in my mind it is a perfect answer to whatever they can say.

**And on his own the Chief adds:**

Whenever I was homesick, I just walked into a church, said a few prayers and came out a new man. I had found a home in that church.

**Chief, do you know Rev. Father Peyton?**

No, but from what I have heard of him, Mary can have no better promoter.

**What do you think of the Rosary Crusade?**

In our wrestling language, I would say that it will be a grand show.

**The Chief takes on a serious expression.** With the experience that age brings (I mean that) I realize the necessity of religion in education and in life. I can only wish Rev. Father Peyton and his co-workers, the greatest success.

As I leave, I see the chief, milling about with his arms, getting ready for his next match. Now he has to beat both age and opponent, but he carries on gamely in the sport that has been good to him in life and which he still greatly enjoys.

## Indians Put Muskrat Money To Work

THE PAS — Canada's strangest movie theatre, at remote Cross Lake, 160 miles northeast of The Pas, is operated by the "Company of 20", a group of Indian trappers which has demonstrated modern business methods to scattered neighbors and aroused admiration in most northern trappers.

If plans mature to incorporate a fur dealer's license in their expanding business, the theatre's customers will be able to buy a season ticket for a muskrat pelt.

The unique business venture started last summer, when 20 Cross Lake Indians pooled their share of a 10,000 muskrat catch on the Minago River, which flows into Cross Lake.

While other Indians bought outboard motors and canoes, this group erected a log building and purchased a motion picture projector with built-in generator.

## SASK. INDIANS WATCH OIL

NORTH BATLEFORD, Oct. 3. — Oil will be the main topic at the provincial meeting of the Saskatchewan Union of Indians on Poor Man's Reserve, near Quinton. John Tootoosis, president, said today that the Indians of his organization were oil conscious. John is going to the three-day parley armed with recent oil stories carried in the Star-Phoenix. It has been widely admitted that many of the Indian reserves offer the liveliest prospects for oil and gas development in the province.

The long winter nights made their business boom and the returns were re-invested to expand the business to include a small refreshment concession. Indians could munch peanuts, popcorn and other whiteman's delicacies, while they watched their favorite wild west show. Wild west shows

## KING BUFFALO PAID TRIBUTE

EDMONTON — Tribute was paid to King Buffalo and the Alberta pioneers who saved him from extinction.

An estimated 1,000 persons attended the buffalo day celebrations at nearby Elk Island Park to witness the unveiling of a memorial cairn erected at Sandy Beach by the Historical Sites and Monuments Board of Canada.

Associated with this organization in honoring the former monarch of the western plains was the northern Alberta Pioneers and Old Timers Association, and the Historical Society of Alberta.

Actual unveiling of the memorial was done by Mrs. Victoria Calihoo Gunn, a pioneer resident who participated in many buffalo hunts.

She made the ceremonial speech in Cree which was translated by William Calihoo.

Memorial plaque on the cairn carried the inscription "to the memory of the buffalo of North America that provided the Indians with tools and weapons, shelter, food, clothing, fuel and played a central part in his social and ceremonial life."

find an appreciative audience here.

The return from the double investment was put into a nearby store, so that Indian trappers from outlying districts could buy necessities as well. Now the Company of 20 is applying for a fur dealer's license so that their neighbors can do business with them without the medium of money.

Last year's record muskrat catch on the Minago River spelt comparative prosperity for Cross Lake residents and marked an improvement in the lot of the natives.

Four years ago, half the fur-rich waterway was held by white trappers. The Manitoba government traded registered lines elsewhere for white holdings near Cross Lake, or bought outright the white trapping rights to provide the natives with a steady income.

This year there is heavy beaver sign, and the "Company of 20" and the Cross Lake area as a whole is looking forward to continued prosperity.

## St. Mary's Indian School Kenora, Ont.

George Green, 72 year-old member of Shoal Lake band 39, died on September 16, and was buried in the school cemetery. The venerable George had the happiness of receiving the rites of Baptism a few days before his death. Father St. Jacques gave him the last sacraments and presided the funeral rites. R.I.P.



# THE INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC PUBLICATION FOR THE INDIANS OF CANADA

REV. G. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I., EDITOR.

Published Monthly by the Oblate Fathers, 340 Provencher Ave., St. Boniface, Man.

Subscription Price: \$1.00 the Year.

Advertising Rates on Request.

Printed by Canadian Publishers Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa Canada.

## Wards No Longer

Fr. J. Patterson, O.M.I.

Editorial

A stunning surprise of the provincial elections was the keen interest displayed by the B.C. Indians everywhere, but particularly the Lillooet Indians, in the political affairs of this province.

Most of the Indians cast their ballots for the first time, thus overcoming an age-long aversion of some of the older Indians to our system of government which they had never fully understood before.

In refusing to be stampeded into voting as a solid Indian bloc for any one party the Indians showed smart perception and excellent judgment. The foundation of freedom and progress in Canada is the secret ballot which everyone marks for the best man he knows.

The vista now opening to the younger Indians is very different to that of their fathers. Instead of the bewilderment and confusion amongst the Indians of earlier days, the future lies clear, ahead.

Young Indian men and women have now the opportunity equal with other B.C. people to enjoy all the privileges and advantages of B.C.

In this province the Indians are no longer looked upon as wards but as citizens with the full right to participate in the vast industrial expansion with its social security program being already carried forward in B.C.

At one stroke the racial prejudices or racial discrimination against the Indian people are removed and the younger generation of Indians can look forward hopefully to better times.

As the first Canadians the Indians will keep for themselves all their hereditary rights and privileges which were ceded to them first by Queen Victoria and later were included in the B.N.A. Act in 1871.

But instead of living in the past, standing still as it might seem, while all the world moves forward, the Indians move forward too, in the human caravan.

In B.C. there are endless opportunities for Indians not afforded to others. The Indians are part of the land. They belong to the country just like the trees and the lakes and the mountains. They know every inch of them. With only the legal requirements to fulfill they should make very good use of them. They will be able eventually to secure timber, hunting and fishing, grazing and irrigation rights on or off the reserves as well as their white neighbors by complying with the same regulations. Their sons and daughters will be eligible to qualify for jobs in the forestry, fish and game departments in the same manner as other people.

The upward march has not been easy and the future will have its difficulties too. But the Indians can look ahead with great faith in the years to come.

A large part of the credit for this page in the Indian history of B.C. is due not only to a more generous attitude of the B.C. People and the Government of B.C. to the needs of the Indians. But also to those unsung heroes of the past.—The early missionaries, in the reserves and in the residential and day schools who taught the Indians to think and write in civilized terms, to the devoted government workers of the Indian Department who gave the best days of their lives to the Indian cause, and yes, to the chiefs and their watchmen who did a remarkably fine job of it in guiding the natives in self government themselves.

## First Indian Legislator

It is a heartening sign to see that the voters in a British Columbia constituency have elected a native Indian to sit in the provincial legislature.

The successful candidate, Mr. Frank Calder, is a 33-year-old theology graduate from the University of British Columbia. A member of the Nash river tribe in northern B.C. he is the son of the chief of chiefs.

The votes of his own people elected Mr. Calder to office on a C.C.F. ticket in the Atlin constituency. The June 15 election in B.C. was the first in which native Indians were allowed to vote. Many Indians, who were not in their home constituency that day, made use of the absentee ballot. These were not counted until the day of the final count and when the totals were in Mr. Calder had six more votes than his coalition opponent.

It is right and just that the Indians of British Columbia will have a voice in that province's legislature. In B.C. and in all

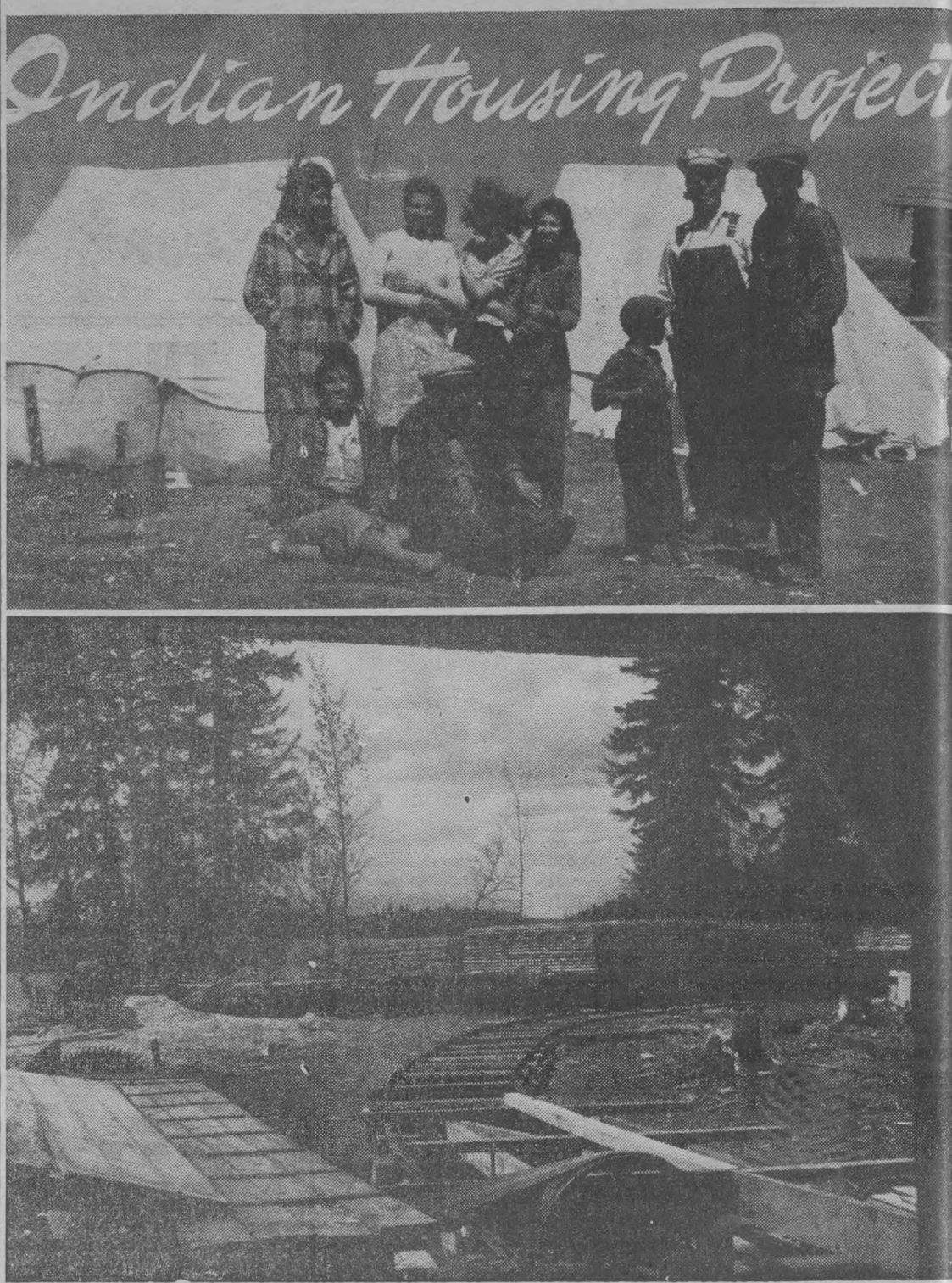
other provinces there are many problems relating to the welfare of the Indian which could best be brought to public attention by one of their own race.

Today in Canada much attention is paid to what used to be called "new" Canadians coming to this land. Perhaps not enough is given to the problems of the oldest Canadians. The election of Mr. Calder should give impetus to participation by Indians in the public affairs of this Dominion and perhaps as time goes on, more of these people will play an active part in the affairs of their native country.

(Regina Leader Post)

## FIRST-AID FACTS

Small cuts and bruises, if unattended, may become infected and cause serious illness. Minor wounds are only unimportant when they are disinfected and properly bandaged immediately. A first-aid kit to deal with such injuries should be in every home and in every office and factory.



## Sawmill Turns Teepees Into Houses

A government housing project aimed at getting the northern Indian out of his teepee and into the white man's type of dwelling unit is meeting with success at the Island Lake settlement, 300 miles north of Winnipeg.

A sawmill, set up at Island Lake, Sept. 1, 1948, by the Indian affairs branch of the Dominion government, turned out 70,000 board feet of lumber for Indian houses before freeze-up last year.

### By and For Indians

Between 20 and 25 houses have been built in the area since the sawmill opened.

Run by Indians for Indians, the sawmill employs 15 men when in operation. Johnny Boulette, expert Indian sawyer, is head of the gang, which is under the direction of the assistant Indian agent of the Norway House Agency, R. L. Stevenson, of Island Lake.

Indians who wish to forsake their tents or log shacks and "get off the ground" into a house must first cut and bring in the timber. This is easily available in the district, some of the logs measuring up to nearly 30 inches at the butt.

For a house job the sawmill saws the timber at no charge to the housebuilder, who is expected to provide his own labor for the construction work.

### Government Provides Tools

To facilitate this the government even provides tools for the building job if the

One of three sawmills recently set up in the north as part of a government housing scheme for Manitoba Indians is shown in the bottom picture above. Object of the plan is to persuade the nomadic redman to move out of tents, like those shown in the top picture, taken at the Hole River Indian Reserve. The lumber piles above are at the Island Lake Indian Reserve, and are produced by Indian labor.—(Courtesy Winnipeg Free Press.)

householder himself does not own any.

For building projects other than dwelling houses Indians may procure their sawed lumber from the mill at cost.

The Island Lake sawmill has timber already cut and piled ready for towing to the mill which will make approximately 150,000 board feet of lumber this summer.

Two other similar sawmill set-ups are in operation in Manitoba, one at Fisher River and one at Clam Lake.

Lumber from the Island Lake sawmill is to be used in

## Northern Lake Mystery Solved

(Saskatoon Star Phoenix)

An old Indian legend that brought about the name of Mystery Lake in northern Manitoba has been solved, according to prospectors returning here.

In the legend an Indian youth is said to have returned to camp one day many years ago and told his tribesmen that his father was missing. The father never returned, so the lake in the area became known to the tribe as Mystery Lake.

It was on the shore of this lake, situated north of Thicket Narrows on the Hudson Bay railway, that prospectors searching for precious metals recently discovered a skeleton revealed in its grave by water that ate away the earth covering it.

Bones protruding from the mound of earth were noticed by a group of prospectors standing on the shore of the lake and when the mound was examined it revealed the skeleton of a man. A long knife carved from a saw blade, its point bent, was held between the spine's vertebrae.

construction of a large modern hospital for the Indian health services at Norway House. This building will replace the old Indian hospital now in use at the settlement.

## Indians Offering to Share Land

Five more Saskatchewan Indian bands have agreed to offer land on their reserve to white farmers for agricultural use on a share basis, according to J. P. Ostrander, Indian affairs supervisor, Regina.

Several thousand acres of good virgin soil suitable for the growing of cereal crops have already been added to the large tracts of land leased by other Indian reserves. The land will be used by white farmers, with a share of the revenue going to the Indian.

The practice has been growing in popularity among Indian land holders in recent years.

Recent reserves to agree to the leasing were: Assiniboine south of Sinterluta; Pasqua west of Fort Qu'Appelle; Potemans and Day Star's, near Punnichy, and the Muscowquan Reserve at Lestock.

## A STITCH IN TIME

The hidden germs of tuberculosis lie undetected in the lungs of thousands of unsuspecting Canadians. For these unknown victims, early detection of the disease may mean the difference between a relatively quick cure and a long drawn out sanatorium siege. X-ray surveys detect many cases of TB before extensive damage is caused.



## NEXT ISSUE

WE HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO HOLD OVER UNTIL NEXT MONTH SEVERAL NEWS ITEMS SENT IN FROM INDIAN SCHOOLS AND CENTRES. WE HOPE TO HAVE FOR NOVEMBER ENOUGH REPORTS AND ITEMS TO MAKE UP TWO FULL PAGES. PLEASE SEND IN YOUR NEWS... NOW.

## First Native Girl in U.B.C.

VICTORIA, B.C.—The 17-year dream of Victoria's Indian princess is coming true. Attractive Gloria Cranmer, daughter of Chief Dan Cranmer, of the Alert Bay Indian Tribe, will register at the University of British Columbia this fall—the first Indian girl in the university's history.

## EXPECT 100% AT FISHING LAKE

SPUTINOW, Alta., — Everyone here has joined with enthusiasm to the great Family Rosary Crusade launched by our Bishops. At a meeting held at the Mission September 26th, nominations for the Crusade Committee were made as follows: Parish Chairman: John MacLean, Assistant Chairman: William Letendre; Team Chairmen: MacLean, Wm. Letendre, James Cadue, Emile Durocher, John Card. Team Members: Felix Desjardins, Isidore Masson, Marcel Cardinal, Louis Durocher, Joseph Desjardins, Jean-Paul Deslormes, Pierre Fayant, John McGillis, Joseph Anderson, Dave Callioux, Charles Wells, Alec Flamand, William Cardinal, William Norwest, Francis Desjarlais. At present most of our settlers are out threshing across the River and if the weather holds on all should be returning in time for edge week. Our objective 100%.

## Indian Boy Drowns At Flin Flon

FLIN FLON, Man., — Nine year old Obert Bear, Indian boy from Island Falls, Sask., drowned while attempting to get a pail of water from the Churchill River. The body was recovered a few minutes after the drowning. Although there were no eyewitnesses it is believed the boy slipped into the river as he prepared to dip the pail into the water. The pail was found on the shore and his disappearance was first noticed when the lad's cap was seen floating on the water.

## Prominent Indian

BLOOD RESERVE — Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Tom Three Persons was held at St. Mary's Church on the Blood Indian reserve. Rev. Father Frappier, O.M.I., offered the Mass and Rev. J. Levern, O.M.I., delivered a few words to those who had filled the church to capacity, as they came to offer their prayers for the repose of his soul. Father Levern, who has been a missionary among the Blood Indians for thirty years, had known the deceased since he was a child. Tom Three Persons was one of the most prominent Indians on the reserve. He was born there 63 years ago. He took an active part in rodeos.



One of the queerest examples of mutual helpfulness in recent years is that of the moose-calf above who was adopted by the collie dog after losing its own mother. The calf is quite a "big boy" now but still likes to stay at the old home.

## Far North Teachers Fly to Settlements, Get "Isolation" Pay

PRINCE ALBERT — At least three flights by Saskatchewan Government Airways were necessary to transport northern teachers to their remotely situated "little white schoolhouses" in time for school's opening September 6. Altogether there are 30 teachers involved in the back-to-school movement.

They were being flown to settlements such as Camsell Portage, which is situated just below the territories; Stony Rapids, 425 miles due north of here, La Ronge and many other localities just as isolated.

Before leaving, the teachers were assured of an isolation bonus following the passing of a resolution presented during the closing phases of the Northern Teachers Association convention here. T. H. Waugh, northern administrator of education, said that the isolation bonuses will mean an annual increase in payroll of \$40,000.

Re-elected as president of the Northern Teachers Association was Sister Y. Lapointe, of Ile-a-la-Crosse; while A. Akre, of Candle Lake, was elected vice president, and Sister Bjadyd, of La Loche, secretary.

## Indian Dictionary Ready for Press

ST. MICHAELS, Ariz.—A book that took nearly half a century of research to complete has gone to press—another milestone scored in Western World ethnology by a renowned brown-robe padre.

The Franciscan Fathers (of the Cincinnati province) announced last week that the long awaited "Navaho Stem Vocabulary," running well over 600 pages in English and Navaho, is now being printed at St. Michaels Press, St. Michaels, Ariz. The author is the Rev. Berard Haile, O.F.M., (of Canton, O., and Chattanooga, Tenn.) known as "scholar to the Navaho." The new volume is the noted Padre's 17th published work.

In the "Navaho Stem Vocabulary," Father Berard goes to the root of each word many of which are almost archaic among the modern Navaho. The monumental work will serve linguists, ethnologists and allied scientists in a wide field of Indianology.

## Indians Stoics Where Dentistry Concerned

KENORA — An Indian has it all over a paleface when it comes to being a good dental patient.

That, at any rate, is the view of Oscar Lindokken, an independent fur-trader, fisherman and guide who doubles as "dentist" for more than 150 Indians in the Deer Lake district in northwestern Ontario.

Lindokken, although not a graduate dentist, does dental work among the Indians with equipment supplied by the Department of Indian Affairs. He limits his work to extractions, remarking that the Indians generally have little tooth trouble.

Adult Indians are no problem. "They never seem to feel pain; anyway they never show it," he said. Lindokken said that once he had to pull out a bothersome tooth for a young squaw without anaesthetic. She betrayed not the slightest sign of discomfort.

The backwoods "practitioner" said that an aid to his work is the fact that Indians' mouths are larger than those of the white men.

Lindokken and his wife, have taught the Indians in the Deer Lake area to put modern floors in their dwellings, to sleep in beds, and Mrs. Lindokken has shown the women how to bake cakes.

Mrs. Lindokken said that the Indian women make good cakes. "I got tired having to bake cakes for them at Christmas so I taught them to do it," she said. However, they make plain cakes instead of Christmas cakes and Mrs. Lindokken insists they stick closely to the recipes.

Deer Lake is 100 miles north of Red Lake and about 25 miles inside Ontario from the Manitoba border.

## OLD SITE UNEARTHED

REGINA — Eleven Indian arrowheads, relics from an old buffalo pound and river clay from a different prairie age have been uncovered in first digging operations at the kitchen midden recently discovered four miles east of Mortlach.

A kitchen midden is the remains of an Indian campsite where Indians formerly lived before their supply of buffalo meat was exhausted.

## "Our Jubilee Trip"

Noreen Spence, Gr. VII

We had an invitation from Fr. J. Lambert, O.M.I., principal of Sandy Bay School, to attend Winnipeg's 75th Birthday. We were all pleased with this invitation and accepted it with the greatest pleasure.

On Sunday, June 5th, he came to get us at 2 o'clock. He took us to the Mission, then we had a free show. The title of the play was "A Sunday Dinner for the Soldier." It was very interesting.

After the show was over, we went to the girls' Recreation Room and enjoyed ourselves to our heart's content. Then Sister Dom Bosco told the girls who were going to Winnipeg to go upstairs and get their clothes ready. When they were finished, we went for supper. We had a very fine meal: soup, potatoes, bread, butter, milk and saskatoon berries, (etc). After supper, I helped Murillia Bone to wash the dishes. When we were through we went outside to play ball. Then the bell rang and we all went upstairs, because it was time for us to go to bed so as to have plenty of rest for the next day.

The next morning, we got up early, we said our prayers, we washed and combed and then we went downstairs for breakfast. The morning meal was just as good as our supper. It consisted of milk, porridge, sugar, beans and bread. After breakfast we went to the girls' playroom. We put on a woollen sweater and each girl was given a woollen blanket. We marched outside and saw the new trucks waiting for us. We got in the trucks: 125 lucky, happy boys & girls. All the big girls were in one truck, the small girls in another and the boys in the third. We sang songs on our way. We looked everywhere and were fortunate to see three deer crossing the road right in front of the trucks. We prayed too so God may bless our journey. When we got on the highway we went faster but it was kind of cold.

### Peacocks Too!

We were lucky to have woollen blankets. We passed through villages and towns. In Westbourne we saw a big store and near Macdonald we saw the airport. We didn't go to Portage as we took the Macdonald Cut-off and straight to Poplar Point, Baie St. Paul, Pigeon Lake and St. Francis. We met lots of cars on our way to Winnipeg. When we got to the park, the girls went to the rest room to wash, comb and put on their clean clothes. Then we had lunch: sandwiches, biscuits, ice-cream, soft drinks, etc. When lunch was over we visited the zoo. There we saw lions, buffaloes, deer, bears, polar bears, beavers, wolves, white foxes, monkeys, guinea pigs, rabbits, etc. We also saw many kinds of birds: swans, geese, ducks, parrots, pheasants, peacocks with their magnificent tails shining in the sun. From the zoo we went straight to Winnipeg. We travelled on Portage Avenue. Everything was so nice!

### Smiles For Us

As it was early for the parade, we went to visit St. Boniface Cathedral. It took us about five minutes to walk around it. We went upstairs too. There, a priest was playing on the organ. We saw the beautiful main altar that cost \$30,000, the magnificent Way of the Cross, the side altars, and the statues. Everything was very rich looking and the whole Cathedral must have cost a lot of money. Then we drove on St. Boniface streets. We crossed the Red River on Provencher Bridge and went to Winnipeg for the

parade. We had a good spot on Main Street and enjoyed ourselves in the sun while waiting for the big event. Then the policemen stopped all the traffic and suddenly we saw the floats coming down North Main Street. How glad we were! First we saw Foot Soldiers, Air Force and Scotsmen and the sailors, they looked so tidy in their blue and white suits. We saw the Mounted Police in black and red, so tall and straight. Floats after floats passed along, all artistically decorated. We were told that some of them had cost over \$1,500.00. Suddenly we saw Barbara Ann! How pretty and smart she looked with her lovely smile. I think once she smiled at me! We also saw many funny clowns. One had shoes about one foot wide. He came to us and said: "I like children, my mother had thirty-eight of them."

When the parade was over, we drove to the Sacred Heart School. There we saw some Sisters who asked us to sing a song in English and in Indian. They enjoyed the Indian song. From the school we went to Winnipeg's General Hospital. We wanted to visit Gordon, a boy from Sandy Bay. We were disappointed because we were not allowed in his room, as he is suffering from a contagious disease. But we waved to him through the window. Father Lambert told us that his condition was improving. We were happy to hear this good news. So I hope he will soon recover and come back home. We went back to the Sacred Heart School and met Father Desautels, O.M.I. From there we went back to the park to have our supper. After supper we came back home. On our way Sister Dom Bosco showed us the house where our teacher was born. Then we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and went to sleep. When I woke up I was very cold but I didn't care much as we were very close to the school. When we got where the spruce trees are, the girls sang a song. As soon as we reached the school we went upstairs. We said a very short prayer first and then went to bed.

### Sore Feet

The next day we woke up at nine o'clock, then we washed and went downstairs to have our breakfast. After breakfast a sister told us to go and play outside; so we went. Evelyn asked the Sister to go to the store, so Agnes and I went too. We bought chocolates, organes and gum. We gave some to the school girls. Soon Father Beaulieu called us as he was going to take us home. He gave Evelyn a jar to put some water in it for our teacher, so we went in the kitchen to get the water. We came back to the car. He called Reggie and James to come to the car. He said the girls will sit in the front and the boys at the back. Then we thanked Father Lambert for our nice ride to Winnipeg which we enjoyed so much. On our way home, Father asked us which were the best things we had seen in Winnipeg. I told him that I liked the brass bands best of all. When we got to our school it was recess time so the teacher told us to go home and have a rest. When we got home, Mrs. Flatfoot's boy was very sick. We had an early dinner and then I went to bed. We got up at 2 p.m. I combed and washed my face and we went back to school. I was really tired, so tired I couldn't even play, I just lay down and had a rest. Even my feet were sore.

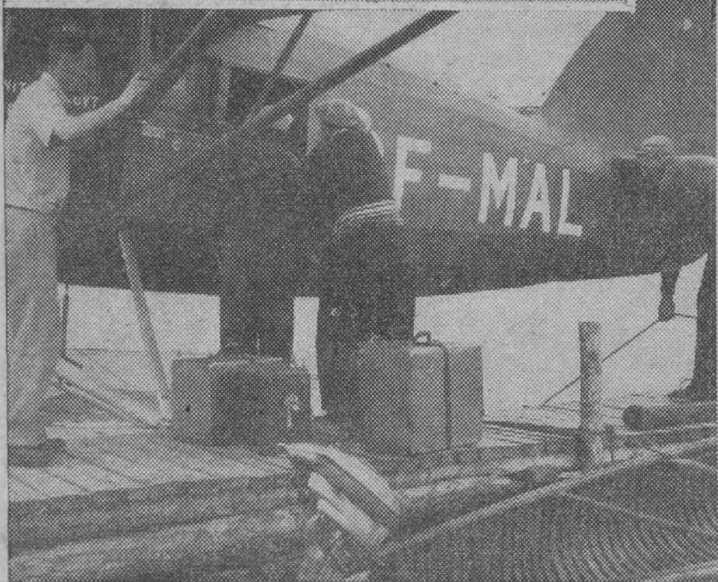
But with all these little troubles I was happy and I shall never forget my first trip to Winnipeg.

## 70,000 PRAY FOR PEACE AT WINNIPEG CRUSADE RALLY





## EDUCATIONAL FILMS FOR INDIANS



### In Manitoba

By CORY KILVERT  
(Winnipeg Free Press)

While airplane and radio are daily routine in Manitoba's lonely north, many thousands of Indians and a few whites who have spent their lives in the backwoods, have never seen a motion picture.

The images that move and talk on the silver screen are to many northerners one of the most amazing types of black magic to come out of the white man's cities in many a moon.

Sound movies in color were taken into the north recently by the Canadian Forestry Association as part of its widespread educational programme for the prevention of forest fires and the conservation of natural resources.

The trip marked the first time the association, a private organization, had sent its movie-showing crew around the country by air. For 30 years the forestry association has been preaching soil and forest conservation in the west with a special railway movie car and trucks equipped with sound movie equipment.

#### Flying Movies

Flown more than 1,000 miles in ten days by the Manitoba government air service, the association put on its movie programme at nine remote Indian reserves and two mining towns in the north.

At three settlements movies were a completely new experience for the Indian audiences who packed the schools, community halls and churches, where the shows were held. At two reserves movies had been shown on only one other occasion.

Indians travelled for miles by canoe to see the show which had been advertised by poster and moccasin telegraph for some days before its arrival. Whole families came together, from the smallest papooses to patriarchs of the tribe.

Reactions to the show, which included a colored travelogue, two cartoon comedies, two ani-

mal pictures and two fire prevention reels, were not much different from that of a white audience.

Small babies, of which there was usually a large percentage, squirmed and cried and had to be taken outside; teen-aged girls giggled; small boys, for the most part glued their eyes to the screen so as not to miss a thing, and adults watched in dignified silence.

#### Interpreters

At several points Bill Stirling, Winnipeg, used a Cree interpreter for his short fire prevention talk during the programme. At Oxford House one Indian translated salient points of the sound commentary to those who sat near him in the audience as the show went on.

At God's Lake Narrows, where movies had never been shown before, Indians started to gather at the Catholic mission early in the morning although the show was not scheduled to start until afternoon.

Hundreds of Indians, all decked out in their Sunday best, were waiting near the dock when the plane finally landed.

Father L. R. Simard, O.M.I., formerly of Montreal, and his assistant, Brother Leo Levasseur, O.M.I., of The Pas, Man., had the little log church windows all blacked out and a white canvas stretched across in front of the altar in preparation for the event.

#### Cree Sing-Song

Before the programme began Father Simard led the crowd in O Canada sung in Cree from verses chalked on a large blackboard. During intermission, while reels were being changed, the priest led some of the children in a special Cree rendition of Alouette.

Also before the show started Brother Levasseur spoke in English to the audience stressing the importance of the day which saw yet another wonder of science being brought to the north country.

These Indian children at Hole River (top right) are seeing their first movie. Their facial expressions indicate that they have yet to acquire the blasé attitudes of the regular patron. The Canadian Forestry Association brought movies to the northland and interspersed comedy cartoons and regular features in a schedule of technicolor films on conservation and forest fire prevention. Sometimes the shows go on in the local mission as at God's Lake (top left) and folks gather early for seats. At lower left is shown a Manitoba government air service plane bringing Hollywood to a bush country. It is unloading for a performance at Oxford House.—Courtesy Winnipeg Free Press.

Although most Indians have an extremely keen sense of humor, some comedy situations, especially those involving motor cars, drew not a giggle from some of the audiences.

On the other hand, many laughed out loud when the colored travelogue showed a shot of a chief of the Blackfoot tribe, in full eagle feather headdress.

Another scene on the same reel made some of the Indian spectators duck their heads as a train was pictured bearing down on them from the screen.

Most popular of all with the children was a cartoon comedy depicting a burlesque of a school teacher. The situation was made more amusing in most cases as the local school teacher was usually present in the audience.

#### Animal Pictures

Animal pictures drew closest attention from all ages. Gasps of recognition and whispered names in Cree and Saulteaux, of the animals as they flashed on the screen was the usual reaction.

At several northern centres visited, however, the party found local Indians already confirmed movie-goers.

For some months now movies have been shown twice a week at the Indian reserve on Island Lake. Here there is a newly constructed theatre with projection booth and canteen.

Movies are also on twice a week at the Roman Catholic mission in Berens River. The hall there even has a ventilating system.

Settlements visited by the Canadian Forestry Association's travelling movie show were: Manigotagan, Hole River, Berens River, Norway House, Cross Lake, Oxford House, God's Lake Narrows, Island Lake, Little Grand Rapids, Long Lake and Bisset.

### A Warm Welcome

Father Boisseau, O.M.I., Missionary at James Bay, was saying Mass one day in his small chapel in Attawapiskat. The place was so narrow that the faithful were pressed in around the altar and almost touched the celebrant. What was his surprise when, on turning around to say "Dominus Vobiscum," an Indian whom he hadn't seen for a long time, put out his hand and said: "Well, good day, Father!" Without giving it a second thought the good Priest stretched out his own and gave him a warm welcome.

### RELICS FOUND PROVE VIKINGS IN N. A.

NEW YORK, — Viking relics discovered near Port Arthur, Ont., and in Minnesota and Rhode Island, show that Norsemen probably established settlements in North America at least 200 years before the arrival of Columbus, according to Professor Johannes Broensted.

A leading authority on Viking and medieval archaeology, Broensted is director of the National Museum at Copenhagen, Denmark. He has just completed a three-month study tour and examination of important archaeological finds in Canada and the United States.

Broensted said there are three principle American archaeological discoveries that point to the probability of

Norse settlements in pre-Columbian times.

Among them is the Kensington stone found in Minnesota.

The Canadian find, comprising a sword, an axe and a supposed shield-handle, all iron, "is without any doubt a genuine one," he said.

"The axe and the sword are certainly real Viking weapons of Norwegian (or Danish) origin," he continued, "dating from about the year 1000."

Some students contend the cache might have been brought to Canada later by a Norwegian settler. Broensted expressed belief in its authenticity and said "proves the existence of Vikings in southern Canada about the year 1000."

### Two Rosaries

The following is a striking example from a poor, simple Indian... and a lesson for Christians who are in a hurry to leave after Communion.

An Oblate missionary at Wabaska, Athabasca, tells that one Sunday morning while reciting his Office in the Mission Church before his regular High Mass, he perceived that the only person in Church was a woman who was occupying the first pew. She had just been to Confession and received Holy Communion, and now she was praying with fervor and loud enough to cause him distractions. But what could be done? For the Indians, to pray fervently is to pray aloud. When she had finished she made the genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament and was about to leave when she noticed that the missionary was still there. She knelt down, facing the Blessed Sacrament and holding the Rosary in her hand she said:

"I have said two... two of this."

"You said your Rosary twice?" he inquired.

"Yes."



**BURYING THE HATCHET**—Taking their cue from the Atlantic Treaty, eight Indian nations from the Northwest have signed a friendship pact. Above, Cleveland Kamiakin, representing Yakima Indians now living on the Colville Reservation in Idaho, affixes his thumbprint to the treaty in Yakima, Wash., assisted by Ann George. The pact marks the first such alliance of Northwest Indians in history.



# In Saskatchewan

By MAXINE McDONALD (Saskatoon Star-Phoenix)

There are more attractive ways of receiving an education than through reading, writing and arithmetic, Indians on four reserves in the Battleford area recently discovered.

The first educational films to be shown at the Red Pheasant, Sweetgrass, Poundmaker and Little Pine Reserves were taken by Dave Sharples, Saskatoon representative of the National Film Board.

Despite wet weather and muddy roads, attendance at the shows was good. Most of the films were shown in school houses or community halls and by Indians arrived by open wagon from every part of the reserves. For the most part, the halls were

devoid of furniture and the audience squatted on the floor, Indian fashion, men on one side, women on the other.

Traditional Indian placitude or stoicism melted into interest, mirth and excitement as the films progressed. Those films shown on the reserves included several on health and wild life conservation, while a color film of the Calgary Stampede was added. An animated film on vaccination, produced by Walt Disney, effectively illustrated the need for and effects of vaccination.

## Red Pheasant

First reserve visited was the Red Pheasant Reserve, south of Battleford. An Indian guide supplied by the Department of Indian Affairs proved a valuable asset in finding the way through twisty Indian trails. The show was a matinee and school children helped push desks together and black out windows in preparation for the show. A stove in the centre of the room proved a slight obstacle to the National Film Board field representative but was soon removed after a few precarious attempts.

Despite, the rain, which had persisted early in the week, parents soon began to appear and filed into the school. While the portable power machine, projector and sound track were being "hooked up," school children passed time with community singing. Though not the most tuneful, their singing lacked nothing in volume and was full of enthusiasm.

## Sweetgrass

The second show was given at the Sweetgrass Reserve, west of Battleford. Muddy road, heavy rain and absence of a guide for the first part of the trip slowed up the party and upon arrival at the hall, wagon wheel marks were the only evidence that the audience had come and gone, tired with waiting and wet with the rain.

The effectiveness of moccasin telegraph was soon discovered. Within 15 to 20 minutes whole families began to arrive by wagon and on horseback, coming out of the black, wet night from every direction. The show went on, though the crowd was not as large as it might have been otherwise. Anxious less their reduced numbers should discourage the operator, they kept asking reassurance that he would "come back again."

Moccasin telegraph again spread the news of the matinee performance on the Poundmaker Reserve. Though the weather was fine, roads were bad and rumor had spread that the show might not be held. The hall was

empty but a lone rider soon appeared on horseback. Soon after wagon loads of Indians could be seen coming out of the hills and a good crowd assembled.

## Poundmaker

The Poundmaker and Little Pine Indians were, on the whole, the most colorful group. Bright colors were more evident and more beaded moccasins and jackets appeared. Babies laced into bags were bounced on knees as the films were shown. Many of the men wore long braids. Several of the women appeared early at the show bringing their handicrafts to sell to the "city folk." Soft, white caribou purses, beaded belts, ties and mats in colorful design were evidence of an old handicraft retained.

After the show was over the men filed out and sat on the grass for a smoke while the women hitched up the teams and prepared to leave. Modern cigarettes had, for the most part, replaced old clay or wooden pipes, but the social status of the women appeared to have changed very little.

As the show finished an old-timer appeared, aged and bent but curious to discover the cause of the gathering. He was 92-year-old "Ewaysikan," one of the oldest Indians on the reserve and in all probability one of Chief Poundmaker's men in the days of the Riel Rebellion. Though poorly dressed and bent over a gnarled stick, he wore a pair of glasses on his nose.

## Old Customs Remain

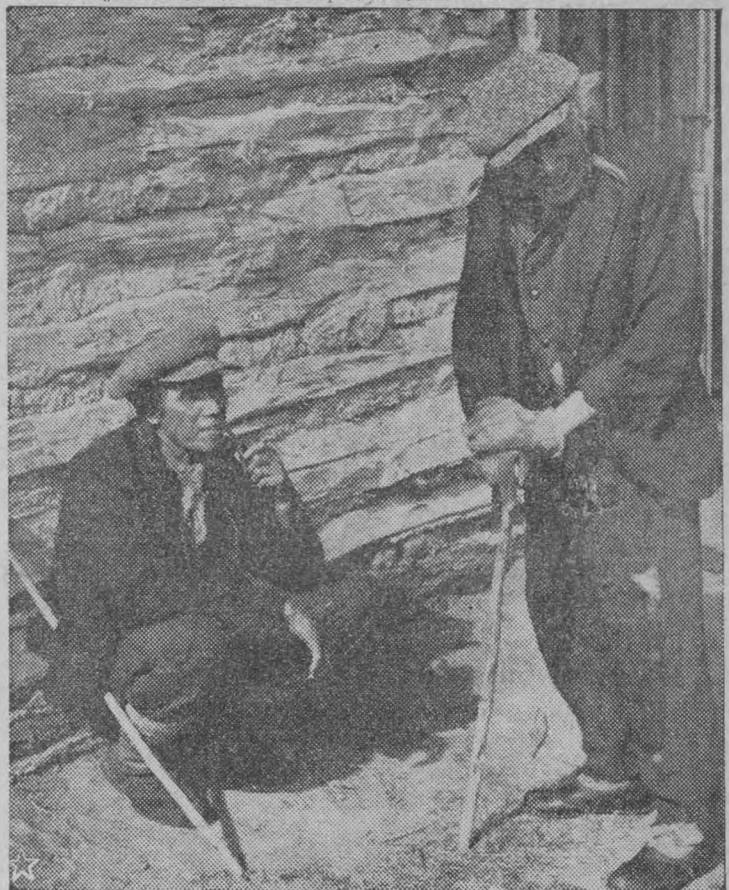
Despite such evidence of "white man's civilization" some of the old customs remain. A skin drum used to beat the tomtom at ceremonial dances and for regular modern dances was hanging in one of the halls and not far distant was the pole used at the sun dance last year. The sun dance, held annually at each reserve, was the old Indian method for attempting to induce rain to better their crops. According to the old tradition, the dance continued for several days and nights and participants were not permitted to eat nor drink until rain fell.

"It used to work in the old days," one Indian wistfully remarked. "But this younger generation is no good. They come mostly to watch and eat hot dogs and drink pop."

Though the life of an Indian is not a comfortable one by modern standards, his freedom to put his horse to a gallop or to wander aimlessly over the broad ranges of the reserve seemed to hold many attractive features. Their simple life, relatively free of worry and responsibility, was a far cry from the city, the office, and "civilization."



These two little Indian girls were dressed in all their finery when they came to learn about vaccination, good posture and wildlife conservation from National Film Board films. Their colorful shawls and beaded moccasins were probably donned for the "special occasion."



"Eh? What's all this?" 92-year-old "Ewaysikan" seemed to ask as he looked enquiringly at the photographer. His friend, taking long puffs on his pipe, took the whole thing more calmly. Like so many elderly people, Ewaysikan had pushed his glasses up on his forehead.

## Prairie Chicken Dance Filmed

To the men sitting the dark interior of the makeshift blind set squat on the wheat field, the noise of their ear-phones was like the roar of pneumatic drills.

Their cameras were aimed on a sight which cause Fred Bard, director of the provincial museum at Regina, to exclaim later: "I'm a native of Saskatchewan but there are things about our wild life which constantly amaze me."

Thanks to Edgar M. Queeny, St. Louis businessman and a director of Ducks Unlimited, Inc., of the United States, the spectacular dance of the prairie's sharp-tailed grouse, better known as the prairie chicken, has been recorded on 16 mm. color film with sound.

Their work meant setting up blinds and concealing themselves before three a.m., for the male prairie chickens dance before daylight and stop as the sun peeks over the horizon.

With portable recording equipment, they heard the amplified sounds of the birds, the swish of the pre-dawn breeze and many of the sounds otherwise inaudible to human.s

Only the male birds dance, Mr. Bard explained, and "they shuffle around one another like little mechanical toys.

"Suddenly they will all stop, remain motionless about ten seconds, then start again. It's a fascinating sight."

A copy of the film will be given the provincial museum about December, Mr. Bard said.

## New Health Book

"Good Health for Canada's Indians", produced for the Indian Health Services recently, is being distributed among the Indians of Canada. The 32-page booklet is done in full colors, and contains essential advice on maintaining good health: safe drinking water, care of food, milk, growing vegetables, picking fruits, cleanliness in the home, baby care, are among the numerous topics emphasized.

Some antlers shed annually by buck deer are eaten by mice, rabbits and porcupines for their mineral content and others disintegrate and are absorbed into the ground.



It was a big day on the reserve and the whole family was out. A group of "braves" sat on the bank in the background as the women folk gathered the children together and hitched up the teams.





## Western Ponies on the Prairies

Herbert R. Sass

Fling your mind back three thousand years to the plains of Arabia and of Barbary, famous throughout the ancient world for their swift, high-mettled horses. Phoenician galleys are sailing to Spain. They take with them iron, dyes, spices, fruits; and they take with them, also, horses of these fiery-hearted desert strains. Long centuries pass; and the lithe, sinewy Arab-Barb horse has become the horse of the Spaniard.

Now come to America, to the American West. In all respects but one it is the West of song and story, the West of the buffalo, the antelope, the grizzly bear and the Plains Indian. But throughout the length and breadth of it there is not so much as one horse, and the Plains Indians — Pawnee, Comanche, Sioux and all the others — move slowly, ploddingly, on foot. That was what all America was, up to a comparatively short time ago — an utterly horseless land.

Drop the curtain; then lift it and look at the West as it was when the early American frontiersmen saw it. A miracle has happened! The plains are alive with droves of wild horses, in places almost rivaling the buffalo in numbers. A million manes are tossing on desert and prairie. The Indian nations of the plains, who just now were earth-bound footmen, are nations of mounted warriors, perhaps the finest cavalry in the world.

How did this miracle happen? It was one of the most dramatic and most momentous transformations that ever took place in any land under the sun. For out of it came the whole splendid drama of the West, which is so mighty a part of America's history and of her literature and of the very consciousness of her people.

In 1519 the Spanish conqueror, Hernando Cortez, landed in Mexico, bringing with him the first horses that ever set foot on the continent of North America. In 1540 Francisco Vasquez Coronado rode northward across the Rio Grande with some 260 mounted men, exploring the unknown West as far as Kansas. From these expeditions horses were lost, and it may well have been these strays that became the first wild horses in North America.

If the horse — a kind of horse able to survive — had not come to the West and established itself there in great numbers before the American frontiersman and settler came to it, the West could not have

been what it was. Most of what it was economically, and what it has become in literature and art, springs from the horse — the horse that came with the Spaniard and conquered an empire that the Spaniard never won.

This was the desert horse of the Phoenician and the Arab, but little changed. Of fine Arab-Barb blood, this hard and sinewy creature, thrown on its own resources in the hot, dry, waterless wilderness of the American Southwest, became at once the most enduring and the most beautiful of all the horses of the world, thriving amazingly where the big, bulky, cold-blooded northern breeds would have perished. The increase of the wild droves was astonishingly rapid.

And along with this increase came a spreading awakening over the West, as nation after nation of redmen, plodding footmen for hundreds of centuries, dropped the fetters that had bound them to earth. Nothing illustrates this revolution more dramatically than the story of the Sioux who, two centuries ago, were a forest tribe living about the headwaters of the Mississippi. Unable to hold their own against the Ojibwa or Chipewya, they were driven out upon the buffalo plains. To them presently came the first wild horses, spreading steadily northward — the "divine dogs," as the Sioux called them, not knowing what they were.

Suddenly the Sioux were a nation on horseback; suddenly they, who had been rather ineffective footmen, fleeing before less numerous enemies, became the most dreaded cavalry of the northern plains. Southward and westward they swept until they were lords of all the vast country from Minnesota to the Rockies, from the Yellowstone to the Platte. With millions of buffalo to provide them sustenance, and thousands of horses, the Sioux became the proudest and most powerful nation of the plains.

The increase of the plains horses was probably no less rapid than that of the kindred South American wild race, said to have sprung from five Spanish stallions and seven mares liberated at Buenos Aires in 1537, which in less than half a century had spread a distance of nearly 2,000 miles. An excellent authority states that, but for the coming of the white settler to the plains, horses would have vied in numbers with the buffalo;

and estimates of the number of the buffalo start at 50,000,000. Pike saw vast droves in Texas and all the northern Mexican provinces, while Victor Shawe speaks of such multitudes between the Columbia River and the high desert country that "a single band traveled from dawn until dusk in passing a given point."

On the western plains, with the passing of generation after generation, the horse lost beauty, size and shapeliness, until the later cowboy form was evolved. Again and again, however, there were individual "throw backs," and such stallions, larger, swifter and handsomer than the common run, became famous. Most or all of these were true mustangs, descendants of the original Arab-Barb horses, with no such admixture of other stocks as is found in the range horse today.

In the West perhaps 10,000 wild horses still survive, a mere remnant. There is some mustang blood in these "fuzz-tails," of course. They live in bands of six to 60, chiefly in Arizona, Utah, eastern Washington, eastern Oregon, western Colorado and western Montana.

The real mustang — the wild horse that transformed a continent — has gone forever from the plains. He vanished with the buffalo, whose doom he helped to seal. But it is only just that we should not forget him — for he gave us the splendid West, with all that it has meant to the lives and minds of men; the West of the wild red horsemen and the beleaguered wagon trains and the vast cattle ranges and the cowboy, and the West that we have today.

## MISSION HORSE STOPS FOR BEER

ORTEZUELO, Chile, Jan. 19. — (NC) — When Father Vincent Cowan, a Maryknoll Missioner from Oakland, Calif., stationed here, received an urgent sick-call, he hurriedly borrowed a horse from a foreman of a vineyard. In order to keep an appointment he put spurs to the steed on the return journey. He was dashing through town at top speed when the horse suddenly came to a dead stop. The priest almost flew over the animal's ears. Looking around for the trouble he found himself in the doorway of the local beer house. The bartender laughed and explained: "Padre, that horse has been trained for years to stop exactly at this spot."

The community of Adanac, Sask., near Unity, got its name by the simple expedient of spelling Canada backwards.

## The Journey Back

By R. R.

Why not wait for a couple of hours, Father Tim? The storm will be over by then and you will be able to reach your Mission before nightfall."

"Thanks, Father Mike; your hospitality is always a refreshing interlude in the general routine of our missionary work; but I really think that I should be getting back. This is just the tail end of the storm. The worst is over. Besides, if this Borneo storm has struck my mission, too, there may be some repair work to be done before bedding down for the night. The grass-matted walls and thatched roof of my mission are more vulnerable to high winds and rain than your more sturdy wooden structure. I think I'll be on my way."

"O.K., Father, I'll say my breviary for your safe journey home. I may be up your way in a couple of weeks."

Father Tim had travelled only a matter of two hours when he wished that he had followed Father Mike's advice. The "tail end of the storm" turned out to be nothing more than a lull before the real blast came. The storm struck with a vengeance. Trees were uprooted and crashed across the trail. The rain struck with such force that it all but blinded him. The trail became ankle deep in soft, slippery mud in which he continually lost his footing and found himself face downward in the slimy mess. He decided that it was hopeless to try and make his mission, still

five hours normal travelling time ahead. He would return to Father Mike's.

He was still an hour's distance from his friend's mission when he heard it. At first he thought that his tired body was affecting his senses. He imagined he heard the sound. Then it came again. It was clear and unmistakable this time. The piercing cry of a child in distress sounded over and above the noise of the storm.

His tiredness forgotten in the face of the evident anguish in that cry, Father Tim plodded resolutely forward. A few minutes later he was feverishly trying to remove a small boy from beneath a fallen tree. At last he succeeded, and with the boy in his arms he continued his perilous journey back to Father Mike's Mission. His last conscious action was when he knocked on the door of the mission.

He regained consciousness later that night. Father Mike was beside him. "The boy," he asked, "Is he all right?"

"He is fine," answered Father Mike. "You are the one who took a beating. Incidentally, I brought him over to the orphanage, already. He was not badly injured but he did need a bit of attention. I guess you are wondering how he happened to be out in the storm. He escaped from a village further north. He was to be sacrificed tomorrow to drive away the evil spirit who was supposed to have killed his father. From now on, the Holy Childhood will take care of him."

## THEY CAN'T MAKE IT RAIN!

VANCOUVER, — Chief Khatsalano would like to help his paleface brothers during the power shortage in the lower mainland, but he doesn't believe he could bring rain.

"Not like the old days," he sadly told reporters who visited his North Vancouver home. "Not enough Indian peoples now with the power. The power is gone from most of us."

But August Jack, as he is known by many, didn't seem anxious to try.

"White man always want what he ain't got," he said. "If it rain, he want snow; if it snow, he want rain."

To clear up an old misconception, August Jack explained that Indians, in the old

days that is, did not dance to bring rain.

Instead they built a snowman and daubed it with charcoal. Next they tied a miniature paddle to a long stick by a strip of deer hide and whirled this about their head.

"Everybody whirl the sticks, even the childrens," he said. "It make a sound like whrrrrr, whrrrrr. After while, maybe a few days, it rain."

"Airplanes got whirling paddles on them — they should rain. Maybe you should get airplanes to fly over city."

"Tell white peoples not to worry," he said. "By and by come spring."

A gang of American outlaws massacred many members of an Assiniboine camp at Farwell's post in 1873 and thereafter the post became known as Battle Creek.



## HONORARY CHIEF CUB MASTER

J. Matthais, chief of the Capilano tribe of North Vancouver, receives a handshake of thanks after he had presented a small totem pole to the Cubmaster of the 3rd North Vancouver Wolf pack. Matthais has two sons in the pack; was made honorary cubmaster. He carved the totem pole himself.





THE SPRING of TEGAKOUITA

By SERENA WARD

(CHAPTER VIII — Continued)

Hospitality

"Yi, yi!" a jeering masculine voice called from somewhere behind her as she went up the hill. "Yi! I do not wish to marry. Yi, yi! I am too young!"

Tegakouita reddened, and for a brief moment anger rose in her. What business was it of Jack-rabbit if she did not want to marry! Her uncle should put a stop to these jeers she had been enduring since she had run from the cabin that fateful night and hidden in the cornfield beneath an old oak hung with wild grapevine. Eaglefeather had not acted angry when she met him. His eyes had been very kind, if a little bewildered, but he had smiled at her. And she had smiled back.

"Yoo hooooooo," a chorus came up the hill, from a bevy of squaws on their way to get water for breakfast. "We do not want to marry! ha-ha!"

She tried to pay no attention, but one girl bolder than the others, came up close and spilled some water on Tegakouita's feet. "Virgins must keep clean," she shouted, and a loud laugh went up from the hill, as the little Indian maid tried to pass but could not, until each girl came and douched her feet with cold water.



Eaglefeather finds Tegakouita at the spring

Suddenly she felt no need of struggling. No need at all. She stood still and let them have their fun. Then, swiftly, from nowhere apparently, flew an arrow and buried itself in the bucket at that minute tipped above her instep. There was a backward rush of water upon the owner and a swift silence. Hardly did the girls breathe. Then as if of one accord they turned around just in time to see Eaglefeather standing on a rise, in the morning sun, with his bow raised to snap off its arrow. He, too, stood perfectly still, aiming, and one by one the girls picked up their pails and went along. Tegakouita and Eaglefeather were alone, facing each other from a distance. She did not raise her eyes but said: "Thank you," much embarrassed. When she looked up, the lad was nowhere to be seen.

Returning from the spring she found the cabin deserted except for the priests, who were walking back and forth before the lodge, reading out of books. They looked up and greeted her kindly, and she returned their salute shyly and set a kettle on the fire which one of the aunts must have lighted. She prepared some fruit and soup wishing that the corn harvest had been made, so that she might offer better fare to the visitors. Soon the first sweet ears of corn would be ready, and a few potatoes for roasting. Then she would feed these good Fathers regally. Only wait and see.

She crushed some blackberries and poured a little maple syrup over them. Then she filled three gourds with water and offered the drink she had made for the first time, to the praying men, but so shy was she that they scarcely saw the dark of her eyes as she handed them the strange beverage in the odd cups.

Chapter IX

A Dreamer Assisted

ALAS for the fond hopes Tegakouita had of learning the Sign. She did not dare to speak to the Fathers about it, and they, observing that she was shy, did not embarrass her with conversation, though they spoke among themselves of her modesty, so different from even the children of the village.

They drank the tasty beverages she concocted for them and tried to find the food palatable, without much success. And they went about among the natives seeking quietly those who needed baptism and the Christian slaves, who wished to confess.

The first day they baptized ten, though they were most careful not to accept as candidates any who seemed the least doubtful.

The second day, in the morning, Tegakouita threw her veil over her head and joined the group gathered about the Father, and yearning welled up within her, as the water welled up in her spring, to know and know and know all they could teach her.

Father Pierron noticed her rapt attention and was puzzled that she did not speak to him, except to serve his meals, but he thought: Her uncle would probably kill her if she asked for Baptism. So while he talked he was careful to explain everything as exactly and as dramatically as possible. His almost talking pantomime spoke even more plainly than his not too fluent Iroquois vocabulary. Indeed, there was not a real vocabulary yet, though some of the earlier Fathers had managed to make one for their followers.

It took a great deal of courage for Tegakouita to ask one halting question that third and last evening of the missionaries' stay, when fairly well satisfied with what their almost constant instructions had accomplished among these pagans. Father Fremin was reading from his breviary. He strode along the path where the little squaw was examining her nearly budding lilies.

For a moment the priest looked up, surprised to find her standing among the deep broad leaves, the thought crossed his mind: "a lily among the thorns—" but it seemed rather ridiculous just then. She opened her lips, but no sound came forth. Fremin looked a little puzzled and would have passed her by, only, with a timid gesture she stopped him and almost whispered: "How do?"

It was an unusual greeting, Father thought, especially from this shy lass. But he gravely said that he was doing very well and hoped she was feeling likewise.

This did not seem to suit the girl. She shook her head and repeated in what she thought was French. "How do?" and she put her hand to her brow and upon her breast so that a glimmer of light dawned in the missionary's mind.

"Ah, I see," he smiled gently; "you wish to know the Sign."

"How do?" repeated Tegakouita scarcely daring to keep her lids up for embarrassment.

Père Fremin took her slim hand in his and raised it to her brow, saying in her own language: "In the name of the Father and —" but the girl pulled back her hand and seemed to disappear by magic. Among the trees Fremin nursed his lips in a sort of chagrined whistle without sound and began to feel put out about the incident, when a deep voice sounded almost at his shoulder.

"How!"

He jumped.

It was the chief; and Father Fremin saw the glitter in his eyes. He understood Tegakouita had seen him — but had the chief spied the girl?

Gathering himself together he spoke as quietly as he could, hoping the little squaw was far out of reach. "Your village is well ordered. It is a good village."

"Tonight," the chief replied, "we smoke the peace pipe and sing farewell to the Blackrobes who depart for our other villages, Andagaron and Tionnontoguen. Chief Burning Eyes preside."

Well, the good Father knew what a night about the campfires meant. And little did he wish to be feasted. But he knew also that a refusal of such ovations would not increase the love of the tribe for the Blackrobe but might have a personal conclusion far from auspicious. He pleaded haste and tried to avoid the issue. "The village is good, but there is much to do to reestablish your former prosperity. Let us not weary your people with an unnecessary celebration. Much work. Much tired in the morning. We understand."

The chief passed on. Fremin breathed a sigh of relief not unmixed with unrest. And he caught himself looking behind him for some imaginary shadow more than once all evening, and on the march toward Andagaron next morning.

Here they were well received and respected, but it was when they arrived several days later at Tionninguen that two hundred warriors came to meet them. Several of the leading chiefs and some of the older men were among them and before entering the village the most eloquent among them welcomed the Fathers in the most picturesque style and made a speech full of praise and apparent affection.

Fremin was moved but wary. These savages were so treacherous. But a reverberating volley of cannon and a discharge of arquebuses, mingled with overwhelming cheers from the whole town, drowned his immediate fears and he said aloud: "Praise God!" His voice was less than a drop in in the ocean of noise, but he had no care for that. All he wanted was souls. And more souls for the Master of life and death, and be they souls of red, black or white or yellow men, it was all one to Père Jacques Fremin. He smiled benignly upon them. Sincerity was in the cheering voice of the crowds and it took sincerity to make good Christians. His work was here.

After the feasting of the evening he lay dreaming of the mission he would establish here — St. Mary's he'd call it; and among the Oneida Indians, not much farther west — that would be St. Francis Xavier's (good saint of the foreign missions! If only he could be one tenth as successful!), and St. John the Baptist — he would lend his name to a chapel at Onondaga, if that tribe were willing and friendly. He stirred dreamily on his mat, and something wet rubbed against his cheek. He started up wiping his face, and something seemed to sting his arm. He hastily grasped his crucifix and rose to his knee only to find it planted in a soft stomach — from which came a series of short velps. "Yi-yi-yi!" and a dog scuttled out the doorway.

No one stirred. Such things were not unusual perhaps in a crowded lodge, and Father Fremin settled himself back on his hip bones which seemed too sharp and big and he scratched his flea bite.

He yawned. "And I'll establish St. Joseph as head of the mission among the Cayugas — he can make them behave if anyone can." His lids were very heavy now. But he had not accounted for the important Senecas yet. He turned over cautiously to try the other hip bone against his mat and reflected drowsily. Senecas — Senecas! they needed a warrior at the head of their church. War — rior, warrior — who was a warrior in the language of Christianity? His lids fluttered. He was too far gone to think. But a shining sword interposed itself between him and the angel of sleep. He tried to grasp it, but his fluttering lids were caught up against the face of a bright being — "Michael!" I'll call the mission St. Michael's. He slept dreamlessly. And Michael put up his sword. He had assisted dreamers before. And they had made their dreams come true.

Back at Kanawake an adventurous lily had threatened to bloom before its time, but the young Tegakouita slept dreamlessly, too. The missionary had gone away without being able to tell her the words of the Sign but she had learned them from one of the slave women. Her heart was filled with bliss; so much so that it seemed scarcely a hardship at all when the chief and his councilors decided that once more the village be moved. Even though it meant leaving behind her lilies and her brook, the little squaw felt she would never be lonely again so long as she had the Sign.

She helped pull up the stakes and carry the trappings to their new village, the next spring, before planting time, and swiftly a new settlement rose on the hilltop at the junction of a small creek (Cayudetta) and the broad placid river. The palisades went up about the village, and she helped with that. And as secretly as she could she lent her skill with the erecting of a small chapel. But her uncle did not know of that, for she did only the hidden and inconspicuous things inside, where he could not see: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!

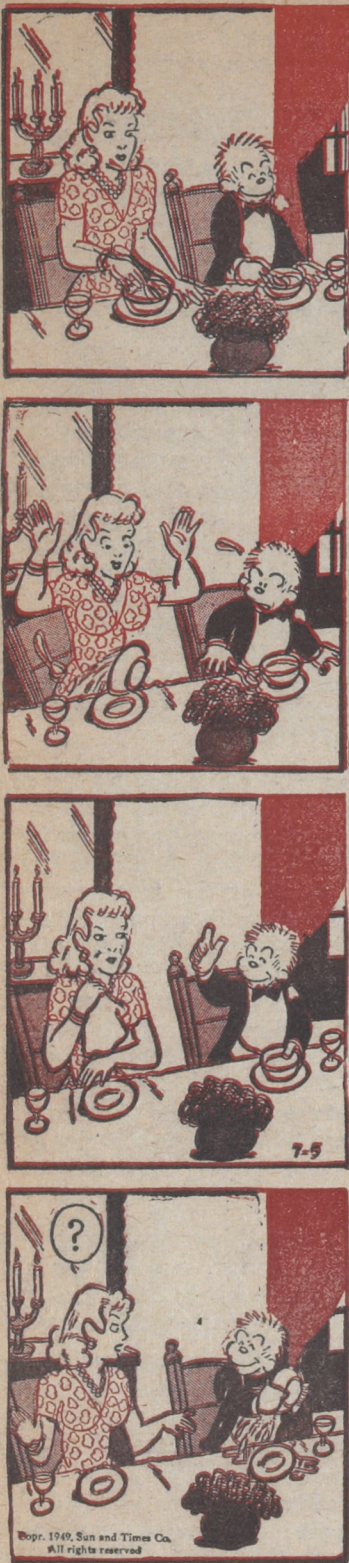
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by Foxo Reardon

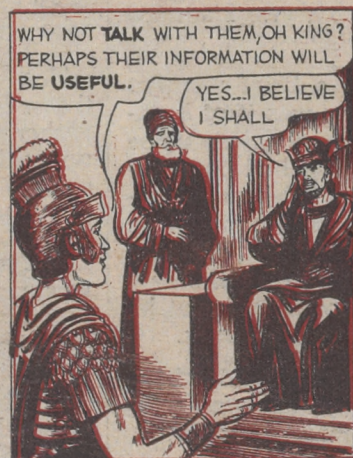
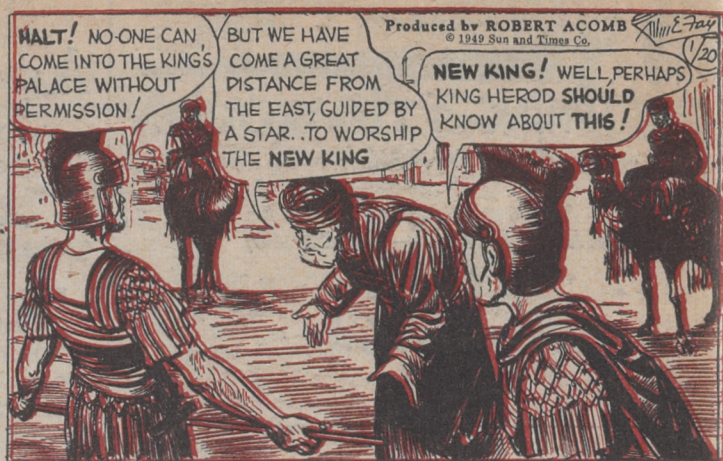


JACK AND JUDY IN BIBLELAND



"The Viper"

By Robert Acomb



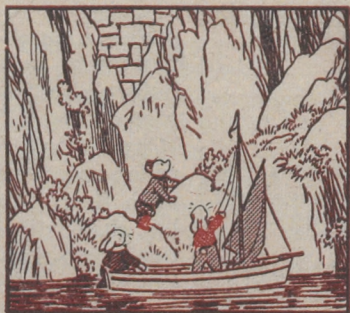
JOE and JUDY—One Way Out

By Walsh



RUPERT and MARGOT

\*(Canada Wide Features Service)



The stream is not flowing fast, and the wind is strong enough to take the little boat against it without their having to use the oars. The three pals leave Nutwood behind as the river winds into distant country, first between hills, then the banks become rocky, and at last the dark towers of the great castle appear ahead of them soaring up into the sky. "This is getting exciting," says Rupert, "I wonder if the giant has seen us coming along."

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"I do believe the river is going to take us right up to the walls of the castle," says Rupert as the huge building gets nearer and nearer. At length Rex steers the boat to the shore just where some broken rocks come down to the water's edge. Reggie lowers the sail, they fasten the little vessel safely to the bank, and then Rupert steps ashore and gazes anxiously upwards. "You two had better stay and look after the ship while I see how we can get into the castle," he says.

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Rupert struggles up the broken sides of the great rock on which the castle is built until he reaches a point from where he can look around. The vast, dark towers seem more forbidding than ever. "I can't see any way in at all on this side," he murmurs, "but there must be some sort of door somewhere. It'll be rough work going round to find it. There don't seem to be any paths. One thing I don't understand. Why did the lizard tell me to wear Wellingtons? They're clumsy for climbing."

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(To be continued)

Rupert leaves the high point and pushes his way through shrubs and brambles as he tries to find the door into the castle. It is hot work, and he gets tired. "Whew, I'm boiling," he puffs. "If only I could get a drink of water." Hearing the splash of a waterfall, he follows the sound and is soon drinking gratefully. When he is refreshed, he glances upward to the top of the little waterfall. Then he gets on to a boulder and stares again. "There's something odd about this," he murmurs.

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Rupert is very puzzled at the waterfall. When he looks above it he expects to see the hillside down which the stream should be flowing, but instead, he only sees the huge stones of the castle wall. Being very inquisitive, he tries to climb straight up the rocks and finds them too steep and slippery, so he turns and clammers a long way round and reaches the stream again above the fall. Then he gives an excited gasp. "Now I understand what the lizard meant!" he cries.

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